

# THE WHITTIER PICTORIAL

15c

December 21, 1950



## Peace and Good Will

THE star of Hope hangs in the sky.  
Upon its shining ray  
The Christmas message speeds to earth,  
On this His Natal Day.

The bells and carols all proclaim  
Peace and Good Will to men—  
Peace and Good Will—then we forget  
Till Christmas turns again.

God gave upon our slaggard hearts  
This message of His Way  
Till every day throughout the world  
Become a Christmas Day.

Erna M. Fink

Modeled by Ann Pryor



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# The WHITTIER PICTORIAL

Whittier's Own Local Picture Magazine

Published every other Thursday at Whittier, California

Lee N. Slinkard, Charles N. Pollak II, Dan L. Thapp, PUBLISHERS. Don Kracke, STAFF CARTOONIST; Charles Lonzo, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER; Martha S. Pollak, ASSOCIATE EDITOR. EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: Room 129, Emporium Building, 133 E. Philadelphia St.; Tel. OXFORD 45-0274, 4-3879. SUBSCRIPTIONS: one year (26 issues) \$3.50; charter rate (expires Jan. 3, 1951) \$2.50. Subscriptions accepted by telephone or mail at above address or may be left at 114 E. Philadelphia St. Composed in Whittier by F & B Typographic Service

VOL. I, No. 18

DECEMBER 21, 1950

### WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

To most citizens city government is confusing enough as it is. It gets more so with the recently added complications—as Whittier faces them today—of petitions, referendum and the disharmony created by the City Council. The latter was the result of its unsavory effort to fire City Manager Howard Church by irresponsibly throwing out the entire city manager plan of government. Hence, it behooves us to find out where we stand now and speculate on what may happen to the city manager system in Whittier in the near future.

The controversy of today—which many veteran Whittierites so ardently deplore—was set off on November 21 when Councilmen Siewert, Smith and Stockdale sprang an unpleasant surprise by abruptly moving to repeal Ordinance 1008, the city manager ordinance. A week later, despite their failure to give indignant spectators convincing reasons for the move, they completed action on the ouster. What they actually did was give final approval to Ordinance 1075, which repeals Ordinance 1008 (it takes a new ordinance to repeal an existing one).

When this occurred, a hurriedly formed citizens' committee began circulating petitions that protested the enactment of Ordinance 1075 and asked the reinstatement of Ordinance 1008. Citizens from every walk of life—professional men, members of the clergy, longtime Whittierites, new tract homeowners, women's leaders—joined in the thankless task of going from door to door to collect the minimum of 1475 signatures needed.

By the end of last week the 2000 mark had almost been reached and the committee prepared to present the petition to City Clerk Guy Dixon for certification before the December 28 deadline. When the petition is handed to Dixon, several things may happen:

1. Dixon may find that it contains the required number of signatures of registered voters and pass it on to the council for action.

2. The council may accept it and either (a) repeal Ordinance 1075, thus reinstating Ordinance 1008, or (b) set an election date for Whittierites to vote for or against Ordinance 1075.

3. Dixon may rule enough signatures invalid so that an insufficient number remains to give effect to the petition. If legal counsel for the committee believes that the clerk's rulings are arbitrary or capricious (this has happened in other cities) he may ask Superior Court for a writ of mandamus to force acceptance of all legal names. This means that rejection of a name for lack of a middle initial, change of occupation or other triviality will be countermanded.

4. The council may think up a technicality as a reason for refusing to accept the petition. In this event a similar court writ may be secured to force compliance with the intent of the law. In the past, California courts have invariably ruled against the use of technicalities to throw out petitions.

5. The petition may be legitimately rejected. If this should happen—and it does not seem likely—it is expected that the council will adopt its hastily drafted 'new' city manager ordinance. This measure, according to The Whittier News of December 15, may reduce the manager to "... nothing but a glorified purchasing agent."

6. The council may maneuver the adoption of its new ordinance, despite a valid petition, on the legal grounds that the more recent of two conflicting ordinances (No. 1008 and the new one) should prevail. If this happens, the signers of the petition need not feel entirely frustrated because they will have forced, by the very impetus of their movement, the retention of the city manager form of government in Whittier.

Keeping the manager plan, after all, is the main issue. If the council adopts an ordinance shearing the manager of effective control of the city government, it will have accomplished no more than it could have done by simply amending Ordinance 1008. And, if the councilmen still seek to dismiss Mr. Church, they will still have no alternative but to do it honorably—not by the reprehensible method of pulling his job out from under him.

*Then, the 2000 petition signers will have had the bittersweet satisfaction of making the voice of the people heard in the council chamber, a haven for the hard-of-hearing as far as the acoustics of democracy are concerned.*

### To THE EDITOR:

We are now moving to Guam, so in the future will you please send (THE PICTORIAL) to our new address.

The WHITTIER PICTORIAL is very enjoyable. It is a letter from home with pictures. Whittier has been "home" to me for over twenty years. I am a former employee of Earl J. Douglas, a neighbor of yours on Philadelphia Street.

Thank you for a fine picture magazine.

MRS. H. G. HOLDEN

### TO OUR READERS

*The staff of THE WHITTIER PICTORIAL and its compositors and printers wish you a pleasant Christmas and joyous New Year.*



Children at Mill school present Nativity story as narrator Melvin Caylor, 11, of 6th grade recites familiar tale.

## School Children Open Christmas Season With Traditional Plays, Tableaux and Caroling

The Christmas season started off this month, as it does every year, with dozens of programs put on by children in the community's schools, churches and clubs. The elementary schools, of course, performed first, since their students' vacations began the week before Christmas. Programs featuring narratives, tableaux, dances and songs were well attended by admiring parents and friends.

At Orange Grove, the entire school presented "Why the Chimes Rang," illustrating the familiar Christian theme that heaven values more highly a token from a poor man who gives all, than a larger present from a rich man who gives

not enough. Mill school pupils presented their first Christmas program in their new school. Varied programs were offered by John Greenleaf Whittier, Lydia Jackson, Lou Henry Hoover, Christian Sorensen, Longfellow and other school students.

The PTA also participated in the pre-Christmas festivities. The Sorensen group had a silver tea for parents, and at Evergreen, the PTA sponsored an evening program at the school.

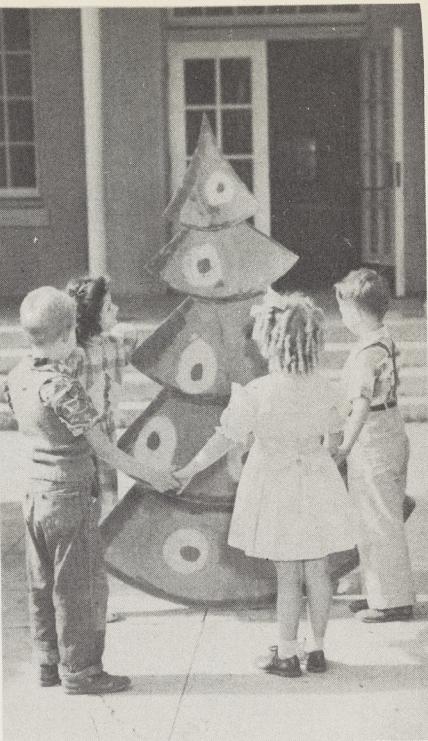


Orange Grove pupils do fine job of painting window, left, which serves as background for playlet in which poor boy, center, wins divine favor for giving his only copper. Those who can afford much, but give little, observe scene.





John G. Whittier students rehearse program which stresses tolerance theme of Christmas.



1st graders at Lydia Jackson practice their program. Counter-clockwise from tree: Cheree Walsh, Ray Edward Smith, Edessa Jane Davidson, Ronny Martin.

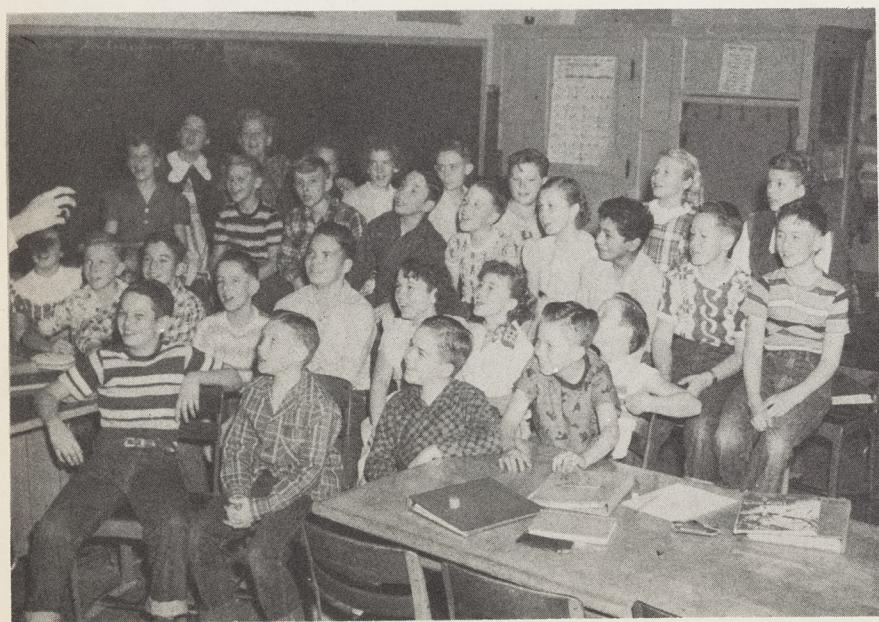
John G. Whittier boys prepare scenery.



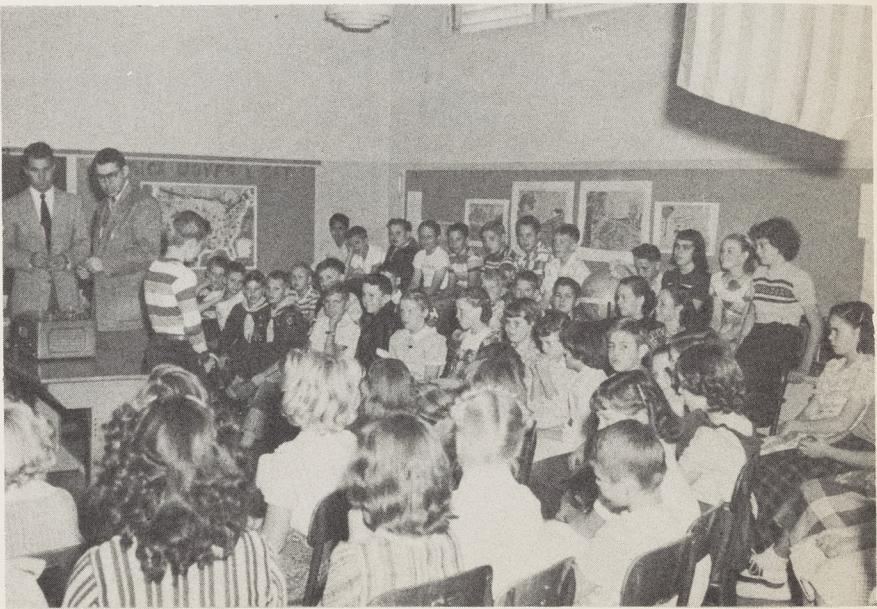
Lydia Jackson 4th graders re-enact composing of *Silent Night*, *Holy Night* with Gregory Schook, left, and Carol Smith, Sally Melvin, Susan Mortrude.



Backdrop painters at Whittier school include Henry Canchula who kept wary eye on cameraman.



Lincoln 6th graders rehearse song. Hand belongs to teacher Stan Corey, directing them.



Lou Henry Hoover pupils go over songs under direction of student while recorder (on table) takes down their efforts.



Evergreen PTA presents girl scout Christmas program under direction of Mrs. John F. Beach, left. Scouts of troops 92, 97 made puppets



After carolling, Santa Claus shows up. He is Billy Beach, aged 6, who distributes peppermint sticks to children.



THE ENTIRE STAFF OF THE  
**Whittier Laundry and Fashion Cleaners**  
JOINS IN WISHING YOU A VERY  
*Merry Christmas and a Joyous New Year*



Children got big bang out of puppet show.



Most also enjoyed "dancing dolls." Little iconoclast, who wouldn't look at dolls, is Robert White.



Phyllis Moore looks longingly at desireable dolls; Mrs. Anna Benson holds Priscilla, doll dressed in 19th century costume and valued at \$25. Mrs. Theodore Heinrich dressed doll.



Kitchen crew, who fed more than 400, includes Pat Fuller, Liz Linney, Mrs. W. D. Sedgwick, Mrs. Phoebe Morrison, Mrs. M. C. Plumstead.

◀ Mrs. John G. Rojas holds handicraft item made by Church women.  
Mrs. F. E. Owen holds salad. ▶





Mrs. Janette Gnagy tries on one of Mrs. Tom Lee's creations. Mrs. Lee, who made every hat, was too ill to be at social.



## Presbyterian Church Social Sets Pace For Seasonal Bazaars

On December 1 several score ladies of the First Presbyterian church at Broadway and El Rancho Drive, culminated a year's work with "Fun Night on Broadway," a mammoth social which included a smorgasbord dinner, movies, puppet and doll shows for children, and displays of expertly done handicraft. The very next day thousands of handicraft and other items went on sale at the guild bazaar, 120 S. Comstock, and were expected to bring in perhaps \$2,000 for Sunday School use.

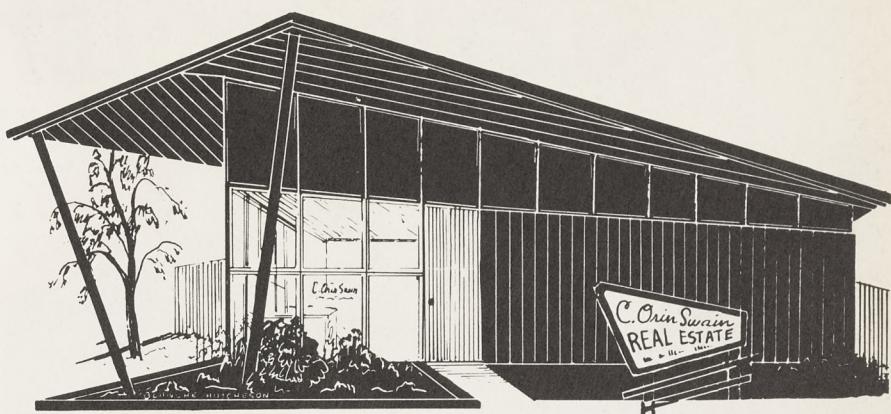
Mrs. Carl S. Fish was general chairman of the program and about 150 women took part in making the 100 types of items for sale. Nothing was sold at the church itself, but dinner was served to 403 who paid and no one knows how many who did not pay, and between 300 and 500 who didn't wait to eat looked at the exhibits anyway. Mrs. Helen Skoog had charge of the dinner. The main part of the church was lavishly decorated under the supervision of Elouise Gambill. Architect E. Ross Staton played Bozo, the clown, for the benefit of the children.

This was the second annual such program at the relatively new church, which was completed only in January, 1949.



Holding toys they built during year are, l. to r., Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Kathryn Osborne, Mrs. Selma Hesse, Mrs. Elinor Brown, Mrs. R. C. Gillis. Young man on right is Stephen Brown

## Season's Greetings!



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Merry Christmas and  
a Prosperous New Year

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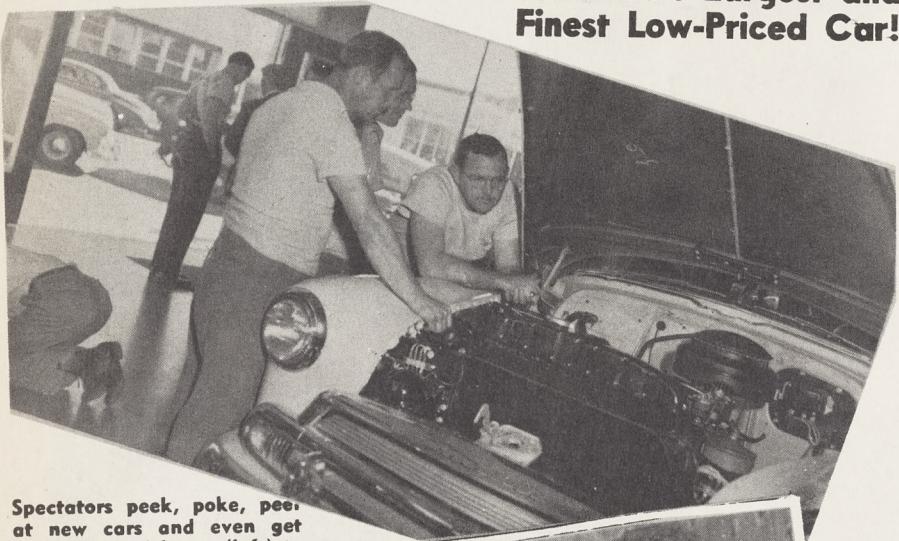
*Restyling*

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# WHITTIERITES GET THE FACTS FIRST HAND ON THE THRILLING 1951 CHEVROLET

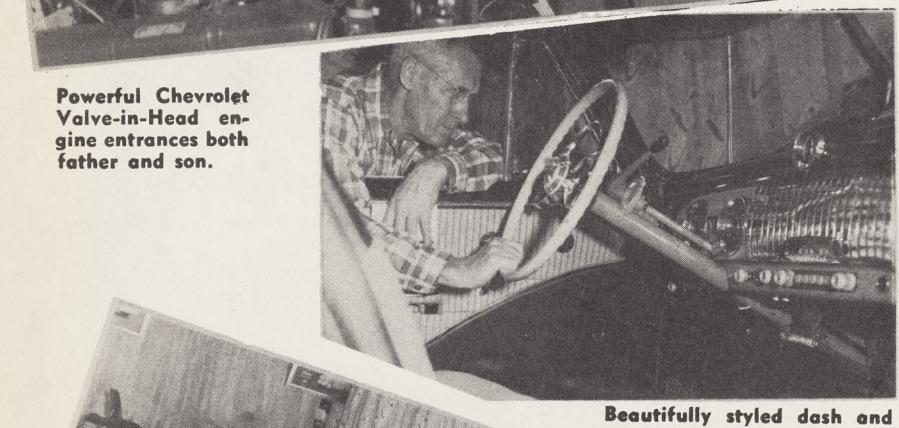
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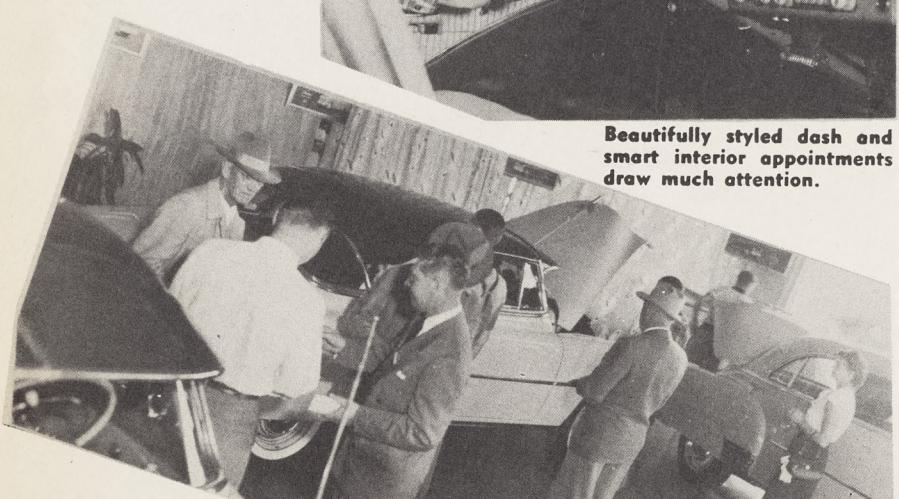
Spectators peek, poke, peer at new cars and even get on hands and knees (left) to see how Chevrolets are built.



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## Bending Near the Earth

By Kay Lowery

. . . on this morning our tank was cuttin' tracks in about nine inches of snow outside a little town in North Italy. We was comin' down outa the foothills onto the Po River Valley. You prob'ly remember that campaign; was in 1944. We wasn't worried much, only 'bout the cold, and we beat our hands together and stamped our feet, and even the rough ride down didn't keep us warm or keep us from rememberin' how cold we was.

We was pretty certain that everything was all right and we just kept ridin' right inta that little town, plain sight a ever'body wanted to see us. They tol' us the Jerries was gone—pulled out in the night, they said, and was feelin' pretty plucky, I guess, an' figurin' no one'd get hurt that day.

BORONILO, INC. PICTORIAL



I ferget the name of it now, but it was like all Italian towns, Arretta or somethin'. Wasn't but a half a dozen or so buildin's in the town, and most of 'em was dirty and didn't have no floors, an' only maybe one window and a hole that was the door.

I remember we crossed a little crick that had a thin coat a ice on it and then the snow on top a that, and then we went on a sorta level stretch right on in the town. And just 'fore we got there Tony said (Tony drove the tank. He was a sergeant and his old man was Italian and he could speak it.) "Maybe they's three big juicy steaks just waiting on a cupboard there to be ate," an' ever'one laughed at that, and while we was still laughing Tony said, "Why'n't you guys git out in front and run along and work up an appetite fer them steaks?" An' we laughed till we was right up close to the town.

We was sure there wasn't nobody there, less the Jerries had stayed, but we slowed up and looked around and stopped laughing.

After a bit we started up again and went on around the first house and inta the road that was the main street, and they wasn't any fresh tracks. The buildings was old and like about most of the town houses in Italy—they was painted a pinta pink and it was faded. And there was snow on the window ledges and in the open doorways and the street was very narrow and fulla snow.

Thing I remember most 'bout ridin' down the road a that town was the quiet—it was an awful quiet, and it was cold, and the quiet and the cold made an awful feelin' in me, a sort of an empty feelin' and I guess the others felt it too' cause nobody talked ridin' down that street. And I remember thinkin' how the cold made the quiet even quieter and maybe it was because the snow deadened all the sounds. Even the tank was quiet and it was a sort of white quiet everywhere in the town.

There was a church in the town. It was faded yellow and there was brown urine stains on the sidewalls at the back and they was low-down and was probably made by small boys. It was the biggest buildin' in the town, and it stuck further inta the street than the other buildin's, and it was old and chipped on the front corners. It was the only buildin' that had doors—they was heavy wood and the weather and wind and rain had wore 'em down—and I remember thinkin' I wished I could stop and paint 'em, and we went round the church and on down the street.

And then in a place in the middle a the street we saw this pile a brown on the white snow, and we thought it was a horse that was froze on the ground. The snow was drifted about it on our side and there was traces of snow on it where the wind hadn't blown it away. An when we come closer we saw that it wasn't a horse, and we slowed down, and finally we stopped and we saw that it was four men and they was dead.

We was almost to the end a the street and we got out an' went over to the men. Three of 'em was Americans—they was flyers—and the other was an Italian, and then we started lookin' in all the buildin's. We was careful, always pokin' our rifles ahead a us in the doors, then waitin', and we went in the church and all the houses.

It was quiet when the tank wasn't runnin' and in the snow you couldn't hear us walk and we didn't talk at all. We went in the church last and looked in all the aisles, and there was a girl layin' on the adobe floor in front of the altar and we went up to her though we didn't talk. It was cold in the church and she lay very still and there was water froze on her cheeks, but we kneeled down beside her, and we saw that she was not dead.

She was lookin' up at the ceilin' and at first she didn't see us, but then she saw us an' her eyes moved. There was a baby in her arms and she held it close to her, but it was dead.

After a while she started talkin', only she could just whisper, and she wouldn't stop, and she told us the Jerries had come back through the town in the night, after her baby was born, and found her husband an' the flyers. He had been hiding them a long time and ever'one had left the town but them. And they took her husband and the flyers in the street an' shot them, and she ran away with her baby to the church.

We stayed with her in the church till almost noon, but her feet was froze and her arms was froze aroun' the baby and she wouldn't let us take it away, and she died just before noon.

After that we went back to the tank and got in and drove down the road an' away from the town. And the snow on the valley floor was smooth and even as far as we could see, and it was Christmas day.

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# Mrs. Eddy Lives to Give



At least 125 of the gift packages to be opened in Whittier this Christmas will contain examples of superb needlework performed by a 76-year-old bedfast Mrs. Santa Claus who determined a dozen years ago to do something for people not so well off as she. The lady Saint Nick is Mrs. Nora Bell Eddy, who will be 77 next February 5 and who has been confined to her bed for nine years. She lives with her daughter, Norabell Eddy, at 346 S. Comstock.

All day she lies in a sunny room, propped up so she can look out of the window at the traffic on Baldwin or, if she chooses, so she can see through her bedroom door into the living room where she has asked her daughter to put this year's holiday tree. "She doesn't want it in her room," Miss Eddy explained. "She wants to look at it, but doesn't like the muss."

Since late summer Mrs. Eddy has been sewing, crocheting, bordering and knitting away, planning gifts for people she likes, people who need warm clothing or a touch of brightness in otherwise drab lives, or for people to whom she just wants to give things. She has made pajama-clad clown dolls, patchwork quilt jackets for a pair of twins, a score of pairs of pajamas, large dolls for her young acquaintances, and innumerable table pieces, decorated napkins, and other things.

## Cavalcade of Gifts

Miss Eddy purchases the material, mostly at remnant sales where she can pick up brightly colored quality material very reasonably. Miss Eddy also does all of the required machine sewing. A sister of Mrs. Eddy's, Mrs. Lillie Wilkerson, sews on the buttons, cuts button-holes, and pulls threads, but Mrs. Eddy herself does the planning, the cutting, the assembling and the handwork. She has had lots of practice, working now on her second thousand home-made presents since the Eddy Cavalcade of Gifts started in 1938. In working and giving to others she has to some extent been able to forget her own misfortunes which are of such a nature that they might well prove overwhelming to a soul of less courage than Mrs. Eddy. Perhaps it was because she knew well of hardship that she decided to help others.

Born in northwestern Iowa, she and her husband tried homesteading in the Oklahoma panhandle when the rest of that future state still was Indian territory. They could scarcely have picked a less inviting locale.

"We had to freight all our supplies with horses and wagons for 35 miles from the railroad," Mrs. Eddy recalls. "There was no firewood in the region except a little which grew along the creek on our place. The country was all open range, then. We had to import posts and put up a fence to keep range cattle off of our crops. I shooed the cows away with a stick while my husband strung wire. Then, when winter came, it was so cold that we had to pull up the fence posts and use them for fuel."

## Hard and Good Life

But, all in all, it was not a bad life, she thinks.

"I used to carry my baby in my arms a mile and a half to church, but we thought nothing of it, then. Everyone did it. Those were good times. We worked hard, but expected to work hard, and there were many, many compensations which one misses nowadays."

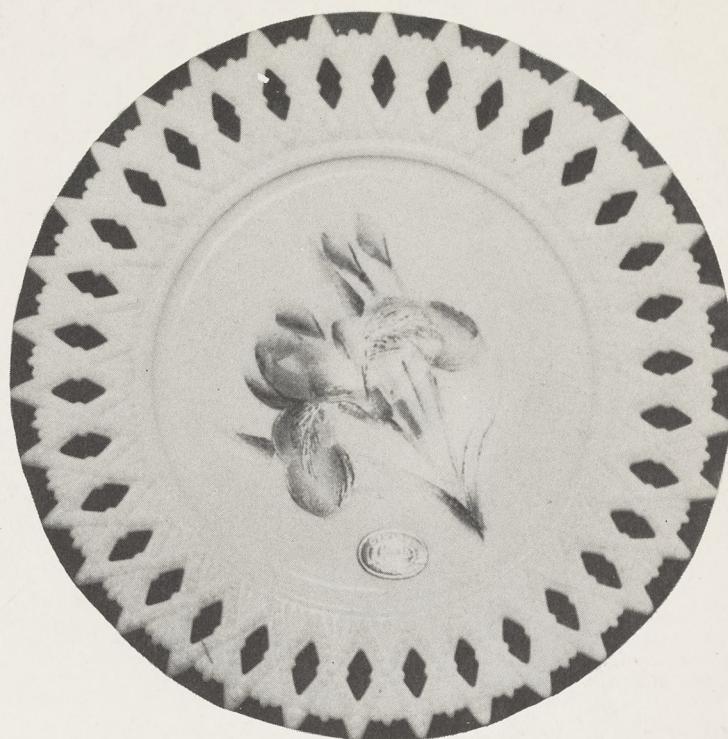
Mrs. Eddy has lived in California for a long time. About 12 years ago she, her daughter and her sister, decided to throw a party for people they knew would be unable to afford much of a Christmas for themselves.

"It was pouring down rain that day," she laughed. "But the party was such a success. And the way those folks did eat! We had plenty, too."

The party was repeated with equal success for the two following Christmases, but then Mrs. Eddy was stricken and unable to leave her bed for long. She hit upon the idea of making presents for scores of people to take the place of the parties which she could no longer give, and she has done so every year since.

"We pick out those who we think might not have much of a day otherwise," she said. "Of course, it's a big job, but for us, that's Christmas."

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Student players at Whittier college presented "The Good Hope", a tale of stout men and rotten ships at about the turn of the century as the first major drama production of the season. The scene above shows much of the cast assembled for relief from their hardy life at sea.



C. Orin Swain (center) took over the presidency of the Whittier District Realty Board from K. C. Turner earlier this month at a semi-annual gathering of local real estate men in the Woman's Club. Watching Swain receive the gavel was Seth Pickering (left), newly elected vice-president of the organization.



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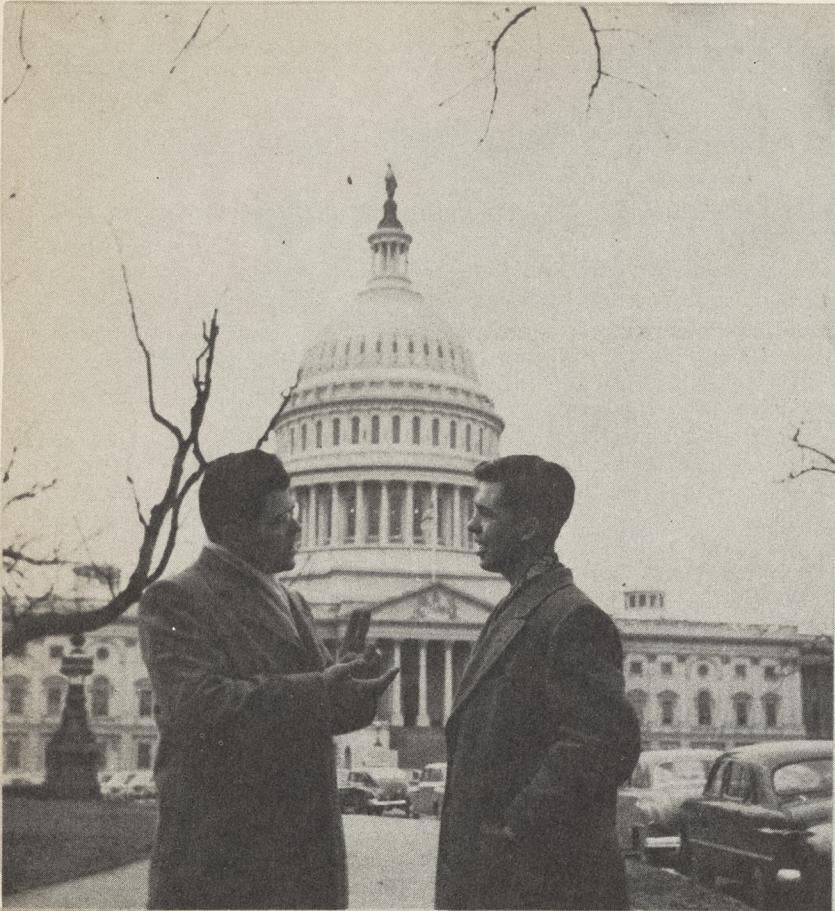
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## Wilson at Washington



Josh Wilson, jr., senior at Whittier college, visited Washington for the week of December 3-8 as one of 93 Californians attending the Midcentury White House Conference on Children and Youth. Pictured with Howard Smith, president of Chicago Youth Council, Wilson also met another prominent Whittierite now at Washington, Sen Richard M. Nixon.



Marines launched their annual drive for toys for tots this year, with an assist by Boy Scouts. Sgt. Frank Renfro, instructor and inspector of Charley battery, Marine reserves at Pico, and Korean war vet Corporal John Dunlap here receive gifts. You can still help, by giving.

# Merry Christmas to all



*from all the employees of the*

**MODINE MANUFACTURING COMPANY,  
852 West Whittier Boulevard**

# What this *Christmas* ---1950--- Should Mean to You

Whittier's Churchmen, taking cognizance this year of the critical turn in the course of history, have the opinion that Faith in Him who was born this day can turn Despair into Hope, W.

**The Redemptorist Fathers, ST. MARY'S CHURCH** (the Reverends Nicholas S. Meissen; C. Ss. R., Philip O'Connor, George Kathrein, Franklin N. Karp, Henry Meissen, Frederick Traut, Raymond Troick, Raymond Lassell, Anthony Kargl, Richard Dolen, Philip Aggeler; the Very Reverend Andrew A. Joerger, C. Ss. R.; and Brother Raymond):

To the soldiers on the battlefields of Korea, this Christmas means that mankind at large has failed again to reach out and grasp the Christ-Child's gift of Peace. To the Christian, this Christmas means renewed efforts to effect the re-birth of Christ in his heart. For he realizes that Peace will come to the world only when there is Peace in the hearts of men; that there will be Peace between man and man, nation and nation, only when there is Peace between God and men.

#### **The Reverend Rush M. Deskins, FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH:**

There are two vital messages of this Christmas season which ought to be impressed upon the minds of men. The first is that a Father God cares and that he is interested and is involved in human history. These are dark days. It was in an hour of dark despair that God spake, saying: "Fear not, for behold, I bring glad tidings of great joy." It is reassuring for us to remember that God is with us and that He cares.

The second message is that attention is called to a child—"For unto us a child is born." We are beginning to realize that the hope of the world is in our children. The mid-century White House conference on Children in a Democracy calls the attention of America to a new emphasis upon the home, our children and youth.

With each generation of children we have a brand new chance for a decent world. Let us consider at this Christmas season how we can build it.

#### **Raymond Noel Fleischman, first reader of FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST:**

As his contribution to the Christmas theme, Mr. Fleischman brings to our attention a portion of a statement prepared many years ago for the press by Mary Baker Eddy, the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science:

"The basis of Christmas is the rock, Christ Jesus; its fruits are inspiration and spiritual understanding of joy and rejoicing—not because of tradition, usage, or corporeal pleasures, but because of fundamental and demonstrable truth, because of the heaven within us. The basis of Christmas is love loving its enemies, returning good for evil, love that 'suffereth long, and is kind.' The true spirit of Christmas elevates medicine to Mind; it casts out evils, heals the sick, raises the dormant faculties, appeals to all conditions, and supplies every need of man."

#### **The Reverend B. Edgar Johnson, CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE:**

The Christian spirit lives even in a world at war and fearing greater conflict. It has survived across the centuries, receiving renewed emphasis in the December celebration each year, echoing the glories of that Night of Nights long ago when shepherds on the Judean hillside keeping lonely vigil, hear the angelic announcement, "Fear not for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

That to any degree of normalcy we are able to celebrate Christmas this year with bedizened trees, colorful lights, goods to purchase as gifts, cards with messages of cheer, carols and the joyful story of old filling the air on the ether waves, churches open, choirs singing, worshippers kneeling, God's messengers telling that love has come down from heaven, is a clear evidence that right will prevail. Love will overcome hate, sorrow will be displaced with joy, and peace will take the throne and reign supreme. Meteor men live and die, Christ the God-man died, but now lives as the eternal star of heaven. This star is still brightly shining in this world enshrouded in the night of war. The morning star points to the fleeing shadows and the perfect day.

Our Christmas message then is now stronger than ever before, reaching farther than ever before to all those at home and to our boys in the military service wherever they may be, and is one with faith in our Saviour, with love and goodwill.

#### **The Reverend A. W. Winther, FOURSQUARE GOSPEL CHURCH:**

Another Christmas is here, and sad indeed will be the hearts in many American homes, realizing their young men lie beneath the Korean sod, as the result of the anti-God communistic aggression. How evil is war when "peace on earth" was the heavenly declaration. International unrest? Yes. But Christ brings sweet peace to the human heart.

Without the Christ of Christmas the past is a cruel dark saying, the present a tormenting perplexity and the future is awful and inevitable catastrophe.

But Christ had in His coming one supreme, stupendous and all-mastering objective; the angel said to Joseph, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

#### **The Reverend Basil A. Rogers, GREENLEAF AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH:**

Christmas should mean what the term implies which is, "Christ." We are to remember Him; it is His birthday. He is God's gift to the whole world. God has been good to America in many ways. We have been spared the ravishes of war on our soil and we are blessed with an abundance of wealth. Surely God sparing America has charged her with the responsibility of giving the Gospel to all the world.

Christmas means giving. Jesus said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." We have received much, but given little to the rest of the world. If America had given Bibles, supported more missionaries to take the Christmas message to the world we would not have had to use bombs and our lads would not be sacrificing their lives on foreign soils.

Christmas means "Saviour." The angel Gabriel said, "For there is born unto you this day in the city of David a SAVIOUR which is Christ the Lord." We have long considered Christianity as a religion; is it time we consider it as a salvation? The world at this hour is one big nightmare. America has lost something that made her American. Men need something to save them from themselves, and if they can embrace the real meaning of Christmas they can rise to a freedom which they have never experienced.

Christmas means joy. The angel said, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy." Thousands have come to know this joy even in their sorrows. Our lads in service will perhaps not be home for Christmas, but those who know the real meaning of Christmas can sing together, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love" and be comforted in this joy. This Christmas should mean a rededication of America to first things, and to the hope and task of supporting those things that will bring this joy to all the peoples of all the world.

#### **The Reverend G. R. Siemens, CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH:**

The Miracle at the Manger of Bethlehem of Judea will never lose its power to thrill our souls. The message of the Heavenly Host, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men" is the longing desire of all hearts. "For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior which is Christ the Lord" is the best news mankind has ever heard. Today the Bible is the "Star-light" that will guide you to know Jesus as Savior and Lord.

The Babe of the Manger is now the Lord of Glory at the right hand of God. Only His transforming power within each individual will cause our world to be a better world. We read, "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new. And all things are of God . . . and He hath given unto us the ministry of reconciliation." II Cor 5:17-18. Ours must be a ministry that will bring the world to know Christ and His peace.

#### **The Reverend Robert E. Cope, FIRST FRIENDS CHURCH:**

When war clouds darken the world's horizons and men are filled with dire forebodings, the Christmas message comes with renewed assurance that the angels did not sing in vain. "Peace on earth" is not an idle dream. "Peace on earth" is a practical reality which can be achieved through unceasing prayers and consecrated efforts of men of good will. The Prince of Peace was born long years ago in Bethlehem. He must be born again in the hearts of all men everywhere.

#### **The Reverend Harry E. Guckert, FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH:**

The Spirit of Christmas is the spirit of giving. God set the spirit of giving aglow when He gave to the world His best gift, even His Son our Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus put meaning into the spirit of giving as He gave Himself to ministering to the needs of men, to showing the world how to love in the face of adversity, and finally in dying that all men might have the right to become a child of God. We need to re-think this privilege, and to bring into full focus the true Spirit of Christmas.



To you

# the course of human events, stand firm in their Hope, War into Peace, Catastrophe into Eternity

**The Reverend Robert L. Caldwell, THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH:**

*CHRISTMAS!*  
Glittering tinsel  
Empty cheer  
Gaudy wrappings  
Useless gifts . . .

*CHRISTMAS!*  
A crude stable  
A starlit sky  
A baby's low cry—  
God's gift!

*"His name shall be called . . .  
The Prince of Peace.  
My peace I give unto you."*

*America, what is your need?  
America, what is your choice?*

**The Reverend David E. Robison, SALEM UNITED EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH:**

We discern most distinctly because of clear contrasts, color against another color, sound against silence, the silhouette against the sky. In this year of our Lord the spiritual contrasts are so pronounced that only the spiritually dead could fail to perceive them. Christ and His high calling stand out as clearly against sinfulness and its fruits as does light against the darkness. Seeing the darksome depths to which God-forsaking man can descend in a hastening march toward Hell, God-fearing people can only come with greater awe and growing love to the manger where lay one who was to say, "I am the Light of the World; he that followeth Me shall no longer walk in darkness but shall have the Light of Life."

**The Reverend S. J. Russell Ensign, FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH:**

When will Christmas cast its spell over the entire world? When will Christmas become so dynamic in the experience of the society of men that war, discord and division will be entirely out of place?

A quick appraisal of world affairs might discourage one from thinking that Christmas ever will dominate the thinking and acting of men.

However, the Spirit of Christmas is at work and victory will come in God's good time.

Will you compare your experiences with mine in the interest of discerning whether any progress has been made?

It was in 1916 that Christmas carol singing became an integral part of Christmas so far as my personal experience goes. Since that time, the approximate date I cannot give, I have observed that some of our finest Christmas carol programs have been given not by churches but by our schools. Now through the medium of radio, you cannot go anywhere during the Christmas season without hearing Christmas carols.

It was in the 1930's that I observed a definite movement to keep Santa Claus out of the Christmas programs. Before that time many churches could not have a Christmas program without Santa. Now Santa only comes to parties. Christmas programs more and more are strictly Christian and Biblical.

It was in the 1930's also that I first experienced the emphasis on White Christmas gifts. Now the spirit is abroad: Who is there that I can help this Christmas?

Christmas, as I know it now, is more unselfish, more Christian, and more dynamic than the Christmas, which I knew, thirty years ago.

**Bishop John F. Baker, CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS:**

The richest memories of childhood—the highest hopes of all mankind—are rooted deep in the simple narrative of the birth of the Christ Child. Let us turn our thoughts again to the teachings of the Master. Let us look well within our own hearts, to see what may be done in our homes, among our neighbors, wherever our paths may lead—to exemplify the truths He uttered on the mountain-side near Galilee, and the commandment given at the Last Supper, that we love one another.

May the peace and joy of this Christmastide bring God's abundant blessing to you.

**The Reverend Kenneth T. Drennon, FIRST BRETHREN CHURCH:**

This Christmas should bring to the people of Whittier, a deeper realization of their need of the Lord Jesus Christ.

There shall be wars, pestilence and earthquakes in many places. These things must come to pass, but if you are trusting in the efficacious, substitutionary sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ, you can look up in full assurance that His coming draweth nigh, for our hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness.

Let us prepare to meet the Lord in the air!



**The Reverends Ira and Maida King, CHURCH OF GOD:**

This then is Christmas—a meeting of the human and the Divine! Simple yet profound. Christmas is essentially religious; thus as Christians in our conversations, the decorations in our homes, the greetings we use, and especially the serenity of our spirits should make all with whom we come in contact realize that Christ is the heart of Christmas. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16) Because He so loved, He gave; so we too give, because we give first to Him on His birthday and then in His name to others.

It is universal: "And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." (Luke 2:10).

The world indeed is in need of a Saviour who can and will, if we let Him, bring peace to replace our fears, hope and direction where chaos has been, Light in the midst of darkness bringing joy and gladness. Today if we are wise men, we too will say "For we have seen His Star . . . and . . . Come to worship Him."

**The Reverend Russell E. Clay, METHODIST CHURCH:**

This is a great year for Christmas. In this day of confusion and bewildering change it is greatly needed. Christmas is love in action. It reminds us that God gave, not because we earned it, or deserved it, but because He loved. It is that spirit which heals the hurt of men's hearts and calls forth their finest impulses. Only that can bind the nations of the world together.

Jesus dared to picture for us a world of love, where people were eager to give and sought the privilege of serving. He challenged men to seek that kind of life.

Christmas speaks of peace and good will. In celebrating Christmas this year we should be drawn back by the tragedies of the times to the Prince of Peace. He is a challenge to the Herods and the Pilates of every day and every nation. The cause of evil may prosper for a time but truth and right will ultimately prevail.

**The Reverend C. C. Helvey, ASSEMBLY OF GOD CHURCH:**

The first records we find of the observation of this day are in the second century in the time of the Emperor Commodus. It was first instituted in commemoration of the birth of our Lord and was celebrated as a Holy day, not a holiday. The children of Israel commemorated their deliverance from Egypt. In keeping the Passover, they remembered the day of their emancipation. Jesus the Son of God was born on that memorable day. Christmas is the day to commemorate His birth, not in drunkenness and reveling, but in holy worship and gratitude. Especially we in America should refrain from desecrating that holy day, and with heartfelt gratitude offer unto God praise and glory for the gift of His Son Jesus Christ, who came to free a world from bondage.

**The Reverend Reno H. Jeske, TRINITY LUTHERAN CHURCH:**

A recent cartoon showed a man leaning out the window of his home and shouting to a passing junk dealer, "Nothing now, but come around about December 26!" Due, no doubt to much prevalent useless, thoughtless giving, that, unfortunately, is the attitude of not a few toward the joyful Christmas festival. But Christmas should and can be the source of unmixed, genuine joy to young and old.

The real meaning of Christmas lies in the fact of God's "unspeakable gift" to all the world about nineteen centuries ago. This Gift is the basis for all our loving planning, our feverish activities, our joyous singing of Christmas carols. It is a Gift that brings lasting happiness and peace to the hearts of all who accept it. "God and sinners reconciled" is an established fact, not mere wishful thinking. A bewildered war-torn, despairing, dying world, too, could find peace in this "Sun of Righteousness with healing in His wings."

May this Christmas season be to you and yours a genuinely blessed and happy one in Him who was born to be the Savior of all men, the Prince of Peace.

**The Reverend Robert W. Inglis, PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH:**

The birth of Jesus was a happy event for the angels in Heaven, but for the people on earth His coming was a challenge. To the religious leaders He challenged their complacency, their assurance that God was always on their side, and their concern with their own privileges, rather than with mercy and forgiveness. To the political leaders He challenged their reliance upon violence and their exaltation of power. To the people of the market place, He challenged their conception of value which they found in their merchandise, rather than in people. To the revolutionists, He challenged the futility of seeking good ends by evil means. To the common people, He challenged their blindness to the way of love in the world, and their belief that the Kingdom of God could be brought in without great personal dedication and sacrifice. In like manner, He challenges us in our condition in 1950.

(Continued on Page 23)

*the*  
**Gift**

By Frances Williams



As the ancient sedan crept through the fog, the streets seemed shrouded and still. The little car, its dim lights picking the mist, its usual clatter muffled, was forlornly alone in the darkness. Inside, the occupants were quiet too. The old man sat very straight behind the wheel. Occasionally he glanced down at the little girl beside him. Whenever he turned to her, she smiled—such a joyous smile, he could not help but return it. Then he looked anxious again and muttered gently to himself after the fashion of old men.

The car scraped along a curb and stopped. "This big house is the one, grandfather!" she said. They both leaned forward to check the number painted on the curb, and sighed simultaneously. Her's was a child's quick indrawn sigh of happiness; his was an old man's sigh, tremulous, worried. She unrolled a battered little paper scroll and recited some words to herself. Then, her small hands tightening around a large package, she looked toward the house. "It's all lit up!" she said. Her grandfather watching her in the misty radiance of the street light, whispered, "And that's the way you look too!" He waited in his car until she stood, a small figure against the massive door. "And have a fine time!" he said. But it was more to himself he spoke, and he breathed it like a small prayer. He waited in the car a moment in the darkness listening to the gentle drip of the moist foliage; then he drove slowly away.

Inside the house they were waiting impatiently when the chimes rang. Seven little girls in silks and velvet rushed to the door. In her warm lamp-lit living room, Mrs. James herself felt a pleasant glow of anticipation. From the hall, the girls' laughter rose above the gay tune of the door chimes. Mrs. James heard the door open and the laughter die down like

a sudden wind. She could feel the draft from the open door, feel the fog creeping in. Her curiosity drew her into the hall.

In the doorway, silhouetted against the night, was a small shawled figure. Cradled in her arms, a bulky white package. The others stared at her in stunned silence. Dolores pushed her scarf back. It was evident someone had lovingly tried to curl her black hair. Now it hung straight, except for one jaunty curl. Around her head was a wreath of red roses. The effect was very festive. She was the first to speak; her voice low, with a lovely rising lilt at the end of the phrase. "Happy birthday, Suzy!" she said. The moisture on her hair sparkled under the porch light, but no more than her dark eyes. She waited in happy anticipation to be invited in.

"Dolores!"

Their voices were breathless with surprise. Mrs. James was no more bewildered than Suzy. As Dolores glanced from mother to daughter, as she saw the expression on Mrs. James' face, her eyes darkened, and their glad light was gone—as quickly as the flame of an extinguished candle. Someone whispered loudly, "But where is Mary?"

Dolores held out the little scroll, tattered, but neatly re-tied in its red ribbon. The lilt was gone from her voice. It was bewildered, confused. But she spoke doggedly, as if to reassure herself, her voice smothered with disappointment.

"This invitation," she said. "It was in my desk today . . . for dinner." She recited by heart. "You are invited to a party to celebrate my eighth birthday. Dinner six o'clock. Instead of a birthday present, bring one of your dolls for a Christmas gift for a poor



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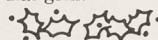
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child. P.S. Don't talk about it at school because it's a small party. Suzy." At the bottom was printed the address. Her hands tightened around the package. The cold unfriendly damp had permeated the hallway.

"Come in, Dolores," said Mrs. James. As she shut the door, the bells on the big wreath tinkled. Someone giggled nervously. Too embarrassed to speak, Suzy helped Dolores remove her coat. The others looked curiously at the white dress sewn by hand in big uncertain stitches, trimmed with coarse lace, and immaculately starched.

As the girls went into the living room, Mrs. James looked at Suzy. They were both remembering earlier in the day when the two of them brought the invitations to school and tucked them in the desks. They remembered how they'd hurried when they heard the bell. Dolores' desk was next to Mary's—they'd gone from desk to desk with the seven beribboned scrolls, alone in the schoolroom whose festive Christmas decorations matched their own mood. Down the hall they'd heard a few voices, then as the bus deposited the Mexican children, the noise crescendoed. A bell rang again. Suzy had hurriedly placed the last scroll and kissed her mother goodbye.

It was at lunch time that most of the girls enthusiastically acknowledged their invitations. Mary went home to lunch, and in the afternoon she waved in response to Suzy's gestures with her usual friendliness. And it was in the afternoon too, that Suzy had noticed Dolores smiling at her. Not with her usual shy smile, but with the joyous laughter of a happy conspirator. Suzy was puzzled, but in her own happiness found it easy to return the smile. When Dolores nodded and waved, she remembered the doll. The day the Brownies had sewn doll clothes, Dolores had announced quietly, "I have no doll, now. My little brother lost my one, and my grandmother she says to wait; some day she'll find me another." The next day Suzy brought her one of her old dolls. Dolores cradled it in her arms all the way home in the school bus. That night Suzy glanced at her full toy shelf and wished it had been a better doll she'd given Dolores. Suzy didn't realize the doll was much more than a toy. Dolores hugged it to her heart as a token of friendship and acceptance, recollecting Suzy's cordial grin.



"I want you to have this, Dolores." To have a friend, to be accepted in this strange new school, was a reassuring, a wonderful thing. One day she, Dolores, would bring a gift to cement the friendship.

So tonight she held out the package in the wrinkled paper. Suzy took it from her cold fingers to put it with the other gifts. In a kind of a trance, Dolores followed the others into the dining room. Miniature Christmas trees adorned the table. The food was the elegant stuff that little girls love; the chatter loud and foolish. The party was a great success. No one took much notice now, of the little girl with the wilted wreath. When the cake, resplendent in silver icing, was brought in, Dolores sang with the others, "Happy birthday to you!" But her voice was small. In front of her the tiny red basket of candy said all too plainly, "Mary." When dinner was over, and Mrs. James could pause to think and realize the mortification of her unbidden guest, she wished guiltily she'd taken time to change the name on the place card.

The fire had died down on the living room hearth, and the red embers and the Christmas tree bathed the room in a soft glow. Suzy put a record on the victrola. "We three kings from Orient are," the girls sang together as they unwrapped their dolls and laid them in the make-shift manger. It was a pretty little ceremony Mrs. James had planned. The girls watched curiously as Dolores laid her's down with infinite love and tenderness. With her it was a gentle farewell to a beloved child. The doll Suzy had given her had been scrubbed clean, the torn dress was carefully mended and as stiff with starch as Dolores' own. But what caught Mrs. James' eye, was the little gold brooch pinned on the doll's dress. When Dolores saw Mrs. James and the girls staring at it, she smiled briefly. For a moment she was very pleased with herself—this a moment to which she'd looked forward—a proud occasion—her own splendid offering.

"It is my best pin. It belonged to my mother. I put it on to dress her up; to make her prettier for the poor children."

"... Bearing gifts we travel afar . . .," the record had come to an end. But Mrs. James had lost her voice. The little girls were quiet too. For a moment the only sound was the crackle on the hearth and the whir of the unintended victrola.

Then the chimes rang. Mrs. James went down the hall with strangely hesitant footsteps. When she opened the door, she could barely see the thin old man who stood there. "I have come for Dolores," he said. "She has been a nice girl?" It was more of a statement than a question. As Mrs. James held open the door for him to come inside, he looked sharply at her. Mrs. James turned away; and walking a few steps down the hall, beckoned him into the living room.



The victrola was playing another carol. All the little girls, drowsy in the glow of the fire sang softly together. In the center of the group Dolores held the doll. She looked proud and almost happy. The wreath was tipped to one side of her head and her cheeks were rose in the firelight. The old man stood on the threshold. He turned to Mrs. James. "She's had a nice time, then." His sigh was heavy with relief. For the first time he smiled. Dolores quickly looked up at Mrs. James—in her eyes a mute appeal. Mrs. James didn't recognize her own voice, but the old man didn't seem to find it strange.

"She's been a perfect guest."

"I'm glad she came," he said with quiet dignity. "With only two old people to raise them, Dolores and her little brother don't have much fun. Tonight was a great thing for Dolores—a chance to wear her confirmation dress her grandmother made." Mrs. James remembered the uncertain stitches. "Dolores and her grandmother worked all afternoon to get ready—and the doll to be dressed too. She would put her pin on." "Come on now Dolores, tell the lady you've had a nice time." Dolores slowly laid the doll back in the manger. Suzy whispered to her. Dolores smiled.

"Goodbye," she said, "and thank you for a nice time."

As she opened the door, Mrs. James' shoulder brushed the wreath, and the bells tinkled faintly. She stood watching the man and the little girl walk into the fog. Before they climbed into the old car, they turned to wave, two dim figures veiled in the mist. Their voices sounded far away, but Mrs. James caught the words, "Goodbye, merry Christmas!" She shut the door and leaned against it. Music drifted from the living room. Near the door was a mirror framed in dull gold. Usually, whenever Mrs. James passed it, she'd casually look at herself. But tonight its silvered depths barely caught her swift reflection as she hurried down the hall.

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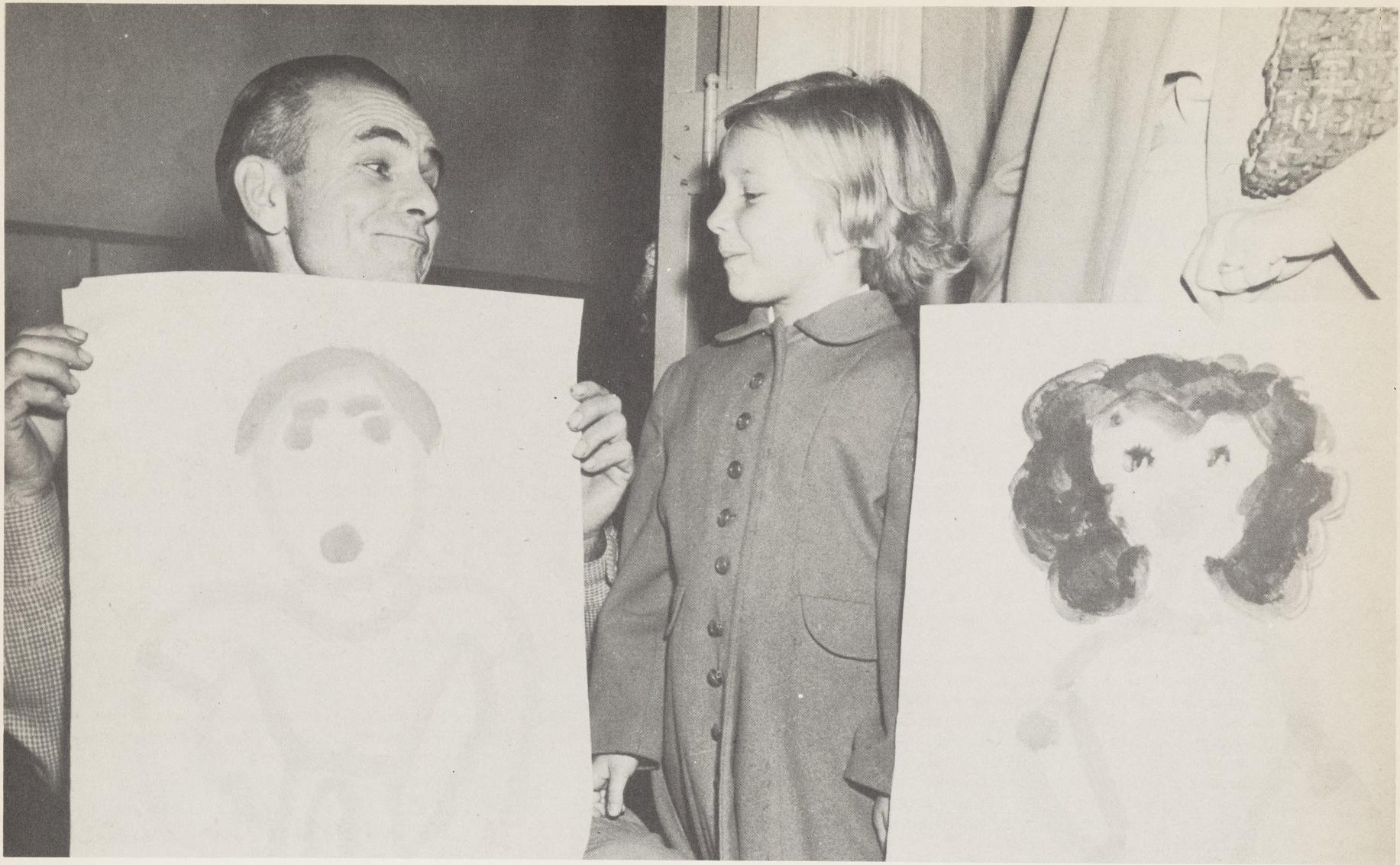
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Dorothy, 5, explains to father, Ralph H. Lawson, 9449 Banta Rd., Pico, that she thinks he IS handsome.

## "Daddy" -- Kindergarten Version

Once, at a makeshift zoo in the Belgian Congo, we slipped a pocket mirror to a newly captured young gorilla. The big ape, who appeared to us just like any other, chanced one look at himself and dashed the glass to smithereens. We couldn't blame him, of course. It was cruel, probably, to shatter an illusion he may have entertained that he looked like a jungle orchid or even resembled an okapi or something instead of the hairy anthropoid he was. But as the ape slunk disgustedly into a corner of his cage, muttering to himself, he knew, for the first time, how others saw him.

The same sort of crude awakening, to a lesser degree naturally, came to a group of fathers at North Ranchito school the other night. We do not wish to imply that any of them look like apes, or anything like that, but some must have wondered just *what* they did look like—to their kindergarten age children.

For weeks, little people in the several kindergartens included in the Ranchito school district, had been working on portraits of father. Some made him tall, some short; a few gave him a body, many thought he was all head and legs. One child painted daddy peeping over mother's shoulder and when told that the picture was to be primarily of father, he painted father—with mother peeping over *his* shoulder. One child apparently painted her daddy in mid-air, but then explained that he was up there fixing the television aerial. Some put on the old man's mustache (real or imagined), most remembered that he had ears and some of the pictures, if they didn't look like anyone's father, at least seemed meant to be *someone*.

There was a serious purpose to the meeting, which 100 or more parents attended, some with their children. Mrs. Pat Seeley, director of curriculum for the district, explained that this was a kindergarten study meeting where parents were to be told "How Children Learn." A film was shown, Richard Harsh, director of research and guidance at the Los Angeles city schools spoke and various kindergarten teachers explained how their child-programs operated.

The pictures themselves illustrated vividly the various stages of learning at which the children had arrived. In modern education, children are *encouraged to learn*, rather than *taught*. Pictures showed various steps the children—all children—go through in their learning process. The program was one of a series designed to zero parents in on the sort of work being done by the kindergartens, and also to help them better understand their own children.

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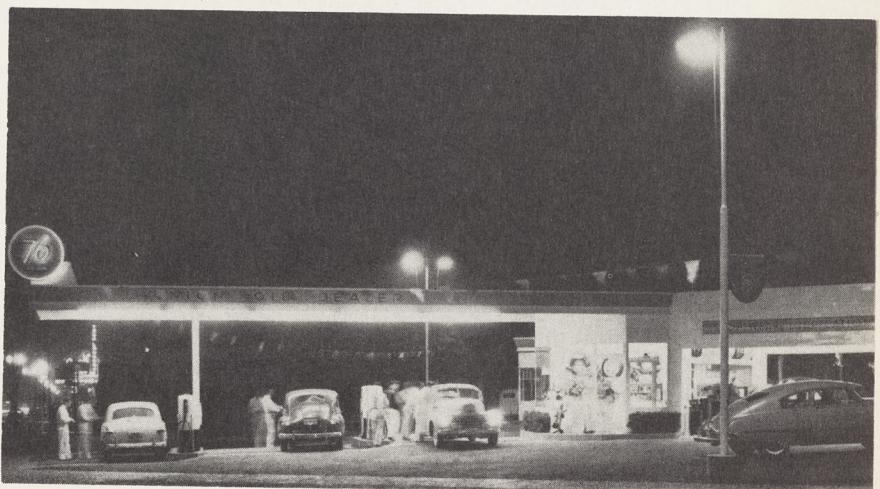


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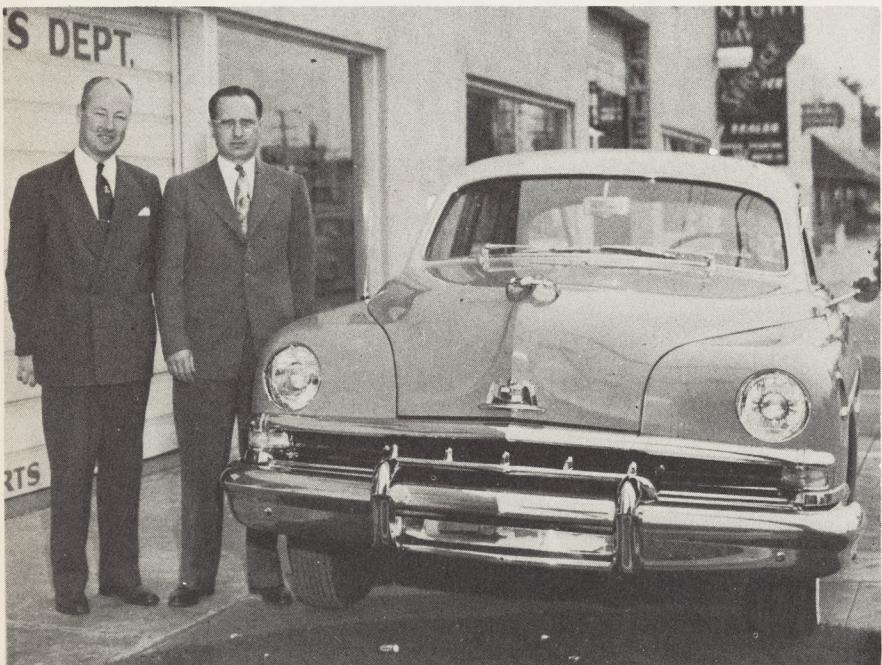
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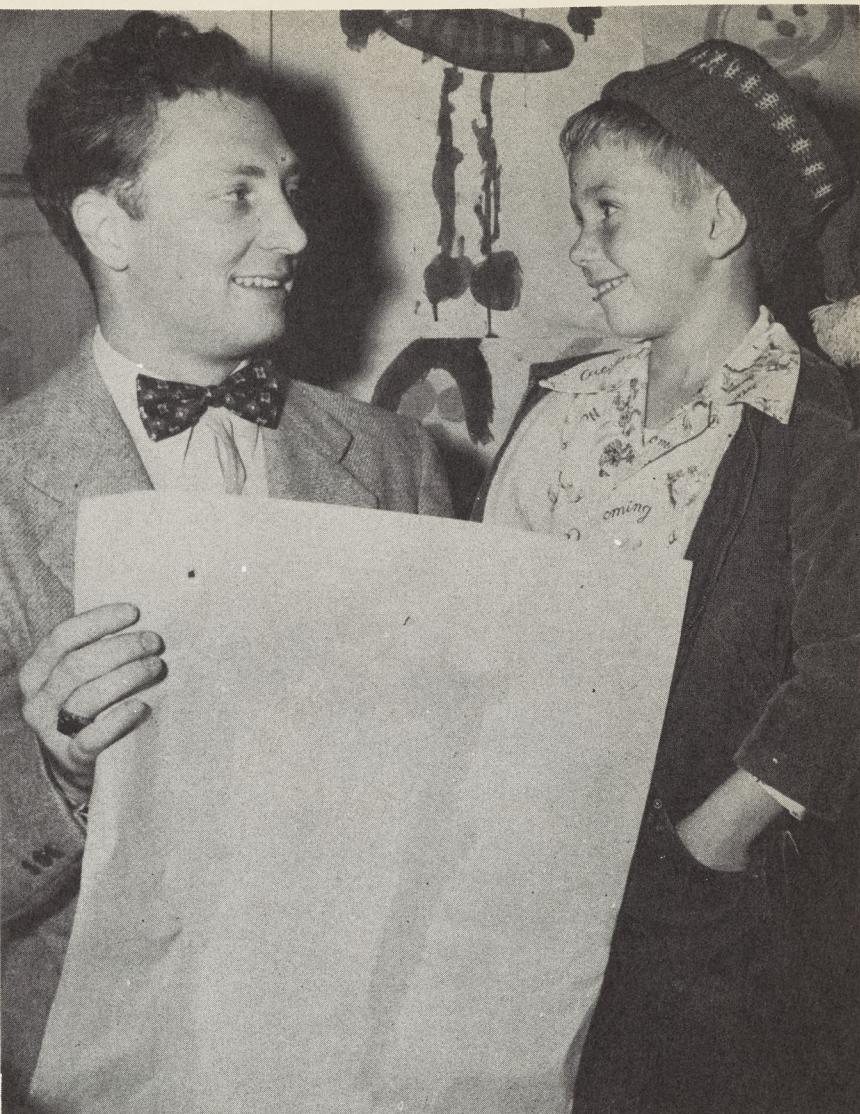


## MERRY CHRISTMAS!

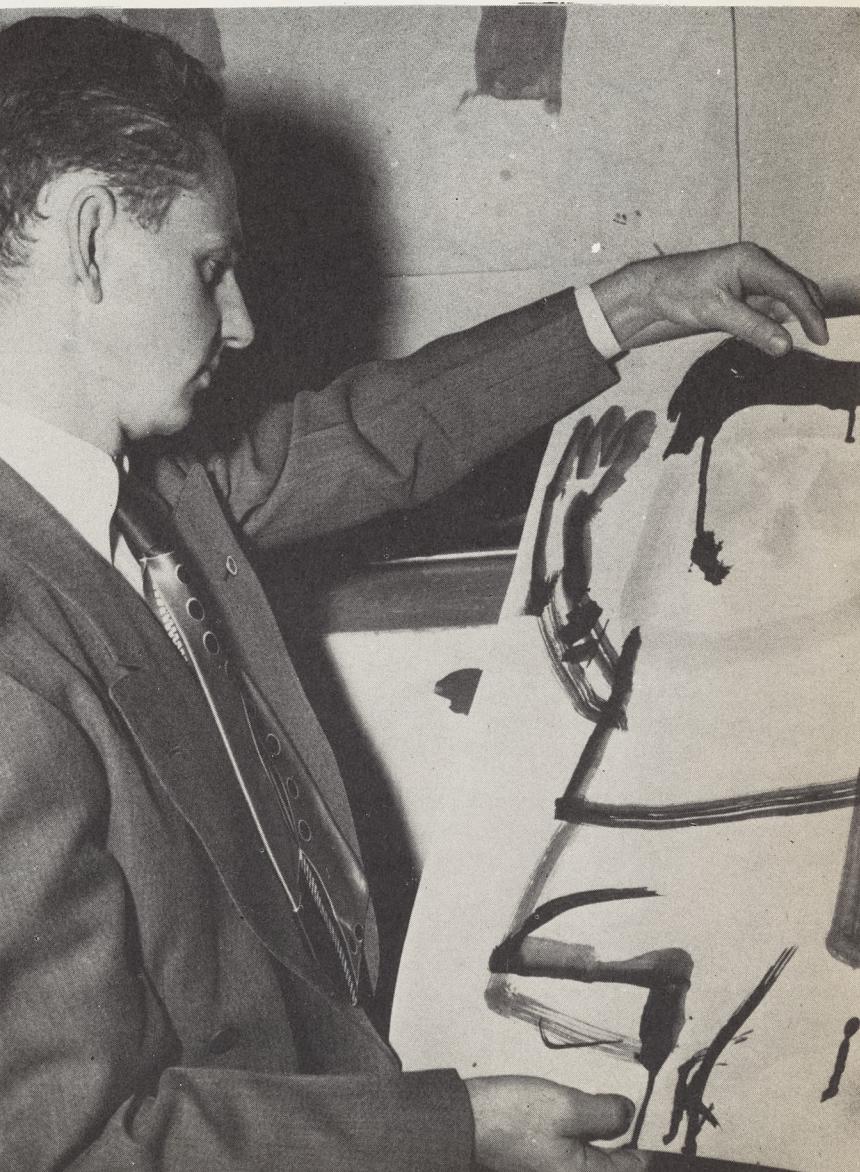
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**Gosh, do I look like THAT? wonders C. W. Waite, 8709 Railton, Pico, as he inspects portrait by son Whitney, 5.**

# Dr. Totah Leaves Holy Land Strife

This is the Christmas season. Buried somewhere under the American Christmas commercialism is our traditional awareness of the origin of the occasion in the far distant Holy Land. There the Prince of Peace was born and taught for His few years the laws by which mankind could, if it would, live in love and brotherhood on earth. And since that time man has fought, all too often in His name, increasingly barbarous and savage wars. One of the most cruel and relentless of these continues still.

Until last August a Whittierite could be excused for thinking that an Arab was a man who lived in a funny tent when he wasn't riding a camel, who may have had a couple of wives or more, and who wrote a script which looked like frost tracks on a windowpane. After all, Arab lands are far away and not many from this community had any reason for making the journey to them. But late last summer Dr. Khalil Totah moved here and proved to anyone's satisfaction that like other people, an Arab can be a good Quaker, happily married to a single wife, and speak and write excellent English. Mrs. Totah, born and raised in South Dakota, may have completed the westernization of her husband, but it was already underway years before the two met. Dr. Totah was educated in this country and is an American citizen.

He was born at Ram Allah, a Palestine community ten miles from Jerusalem, and he first came to the U. S. in 1909, attending several schools here and securing a doctor's degree at Columbia in 1926. His life has been pretty evenly divided between this country and Palestine since then; he says that he has crossed the Atlantic "about 16 times," and adds that he has probably made the trip for the last time.

"I don't think it would be very healthy for me to return to Palestine," he smiles.

As an Arab, and a Palestine Arab at that, Dr. Totah took an active part in the prolonged controversy over the new state of Israel. In a word, he opposed it—and still does. But last August, before moving to 402 S. Washington, he resigned as executive director of the Institute of Arab American affairs at New York and says that now he plans to take no more active role in the Arab cause, other than by lecturing.

Dr. Totah's father, who was a businessman, was a Quaker before him and Khalil was raised in that church to become one of only "two or three hundred Arab Quakers" in the world today. But although the Friends are few in that part of the world, Christianity is an ancient Arab faith. "Some of us have been Christians since the time of St. Paul," Dr. Totah said, and pointed to the Coptic church as evidence that among the Arabs Christianity antedates Mohammedanism. When he was a young man pilgrims from the Orthodox church congregations of Russia "visited Palestine by the thousands each year. Some fifty or sixty thousand toured the Holy Land afoot, because there was no other form of transport available in those days." The country was under Turkish rule and when World War I broke out, Totah was drafted into the Ottoman army, but escaped after serving only three months and ended the war as a YMCA secretary in France. He returned to Palestine then and served for six years as principal of the Government Arab College and for 18 years as head of the Friends School at Ram Allah.

The Palestine problem was simmering, meanwhile. Talking to Dr. Totah is like reviewing the recent history of that troubled land, and the discussion, on whatever subject started, gets around always to the Arabs and the Jews of Palestine. When Totah was young he recalls that there was little Arab-Jewish friction and about ten Arabs to one Jew living in the country. Now there are a million Jews and in Israel alone, perhaps a quarter of a million Arabs, in addition to the hundreds of thousands of Arab refugees, living in miserable circumstances in surrounding territories. Dr. Totah believes that the Arab countries failed in their fight against creation of Israel because of lack of organization, lack of arms, and because of the strength of the powers, notably the U.S., which backed Israel.

Disorganization seems to be a chronic Arab condition, but Dr. Totah is not convinced it is a permanent thing. "Arabs were united once," he said, recalling the era of Saladdin, "and there is no reason to suppose that they will not one day be united again." But he holds little hope that this new golden age can come in time to hasten the downfall of Israel, for which he predicts a short and unhappy life.

"It will cease to exist for economic rather than for military reasons," he said. "Palestine never has been self sufficient. When the flow of American dollars dries up, it will wither. If war should come, and the Mediterranean be closed, Israel would starve."

"We Arabs do not oppose it on a religious or racial basis. After all, we, too, are Semites and therefore of the same race as the Jews. We oppose it solely on political and economic grounds. Once the political structure has disappeared, the intense feeling between Arabs and Jews will die."



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### Louie Dressing

This is the sauce that makes hamburgers so different at Jack's, and just because it's Christmas, we'll share it with you: You'll need—1 pint Wesson oil, 1 egg, 1/8 measuring spoon dry mustard, 1/8 spoon salt; and 1 tablespoon each of sugar, vinegar, ketchup, chili sauce. Whip egg and let oil drip into it slowly, put in other ingredients in order. It gets thick, like mayonnaise, and will dress up a hamburger like no place in town—except Jack's.

## Christmas Present to You



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▲ Fireplace, large window, planting box "bound" living room. Colors are predominantly red and green.

◀ Lanai, with indirect lighting, is pleasant informal room.

#### ONE WAY TRAFFIC

We pass but once from crib to coffin;  
Sometimes I think that's once too often.

—MABEL GEORGE HAIG

#### SUBURBAN HARVEST

After the rain and the insect spray,  
The plant hormones and the steer bouquet,  
I reap the harvest of my seeds—  
Little blossoms in the weeds.

PATRICIA M. JORDAN

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Like many other local people, the Albert St. Lawrences, 7102 Van Port, Whittier, chose the Early American styling for their new home and furnishings. As the parents of two small sons, they felt that the birch and maple woods would withstand the activities of their growing boys and yet be presentable at a moment's notice for entertaining friends.

The living room furniture blends harmoniously with a decorative scheme in cocoa, green and yellow tones, emphasizing the warm, informal living so treasured by the California family today.

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# home + hearth

When Mrs. Ahlering told her son, Michael, aged 4 1/2, the other day that THE PICTORIAL was coming out to photograph their home, Michael asked, seriously: "Would the house have to wear a smile on its face?" The reply might well have been an unqualified "yes," for the home of Dr. and Mrs. Ahlering and their four children, at 1244 E. 6th, is a smiling house. Light and bright inside and out, and set on a spacious lot measuring 175 x 180 feet, it would not, however, have to put on a special expression of cheer for the cameraman.

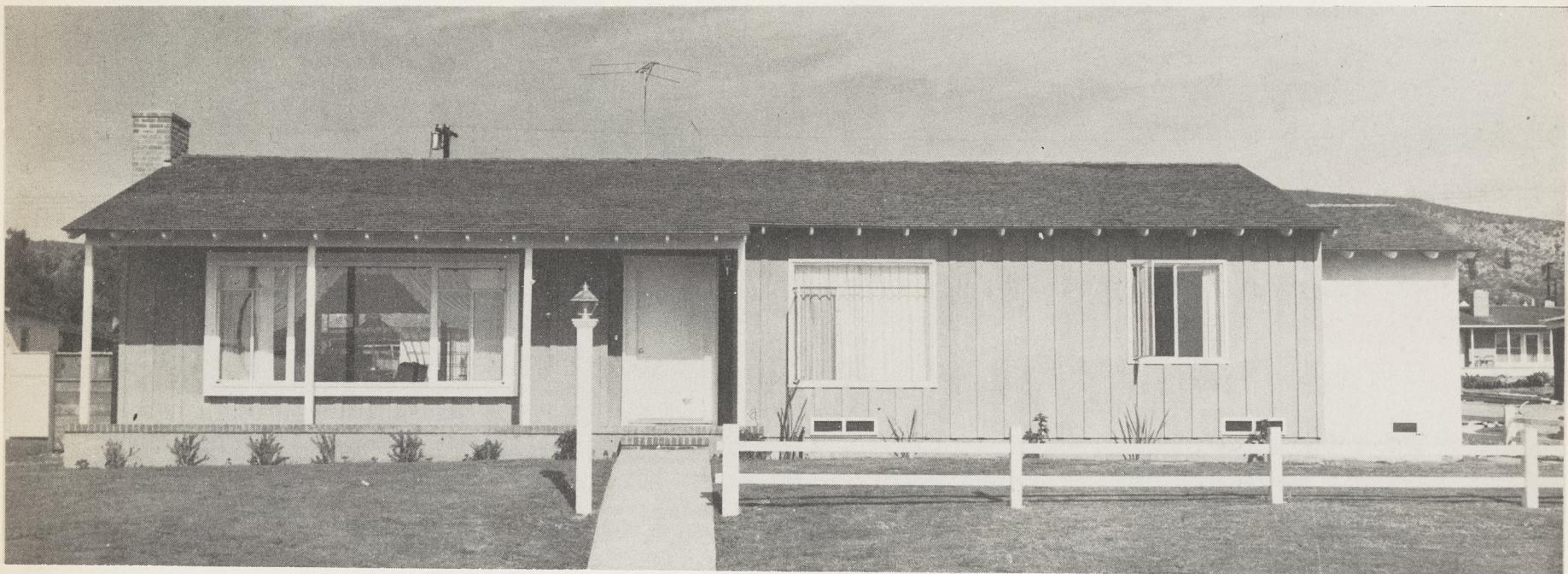
It is a one-storey, well-laid out structure and sits near the center of the lot. It has 1,535 square feet of space and the dominant colors inside are grey, red

and what the family jokingly refers to as "Ryan green," with reference to the Irish maiden name of Mrs. Ahlering. The glassed-in lanai, living room and long hall are carpeted with a green rug hand-hooked in China.

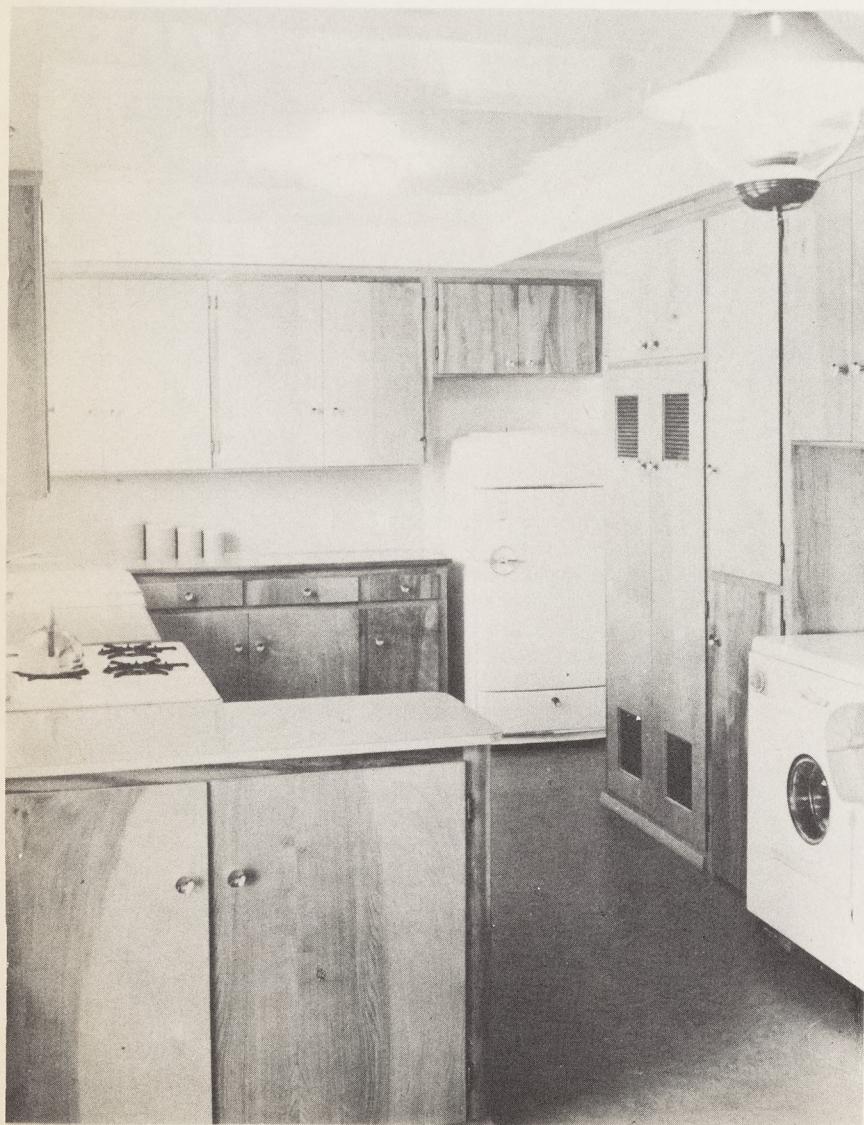
The Whittier architectural firm of Riley & Levanas designed the house, which has three bedrooms, living room, lanai, kitchen-and-breakfast room and two baths. It was completed late in the summer and the Ahlerings moved in October 27.

An attractive white-painted rustic fence swings around the east side of the house to the walk in front, being opposed across the walk by a lantern-type outdoor light. At the rear of the house is a patio and considerable lawn which is enclosed by a treated redwood fence. Natural wood also is used extensively inside the house, giving added warmth to the reds, greens and greys of the interior color scheme.

A system of indirect lighting over the lanai "gives enough light to eat by and with it I can also use candles without hearing that familiar male lament that 'It's too dark to see what I'm eating!'" Mrs. Ahlering explained.



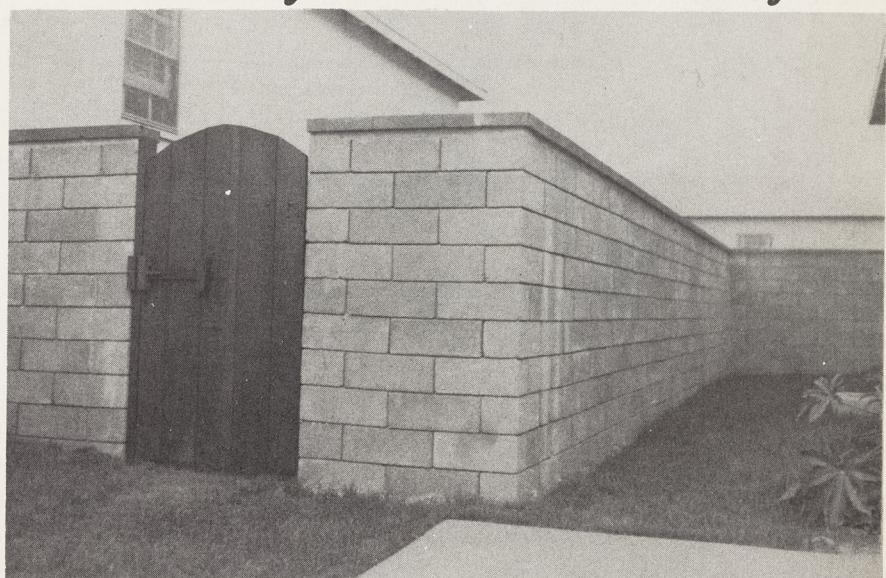
Lamp-on-a-post, rustic fence, frontal panelling give interesting appearance to Ahlering house on E. 6th.



Natural wood panelling features kitchen, breakfast room.

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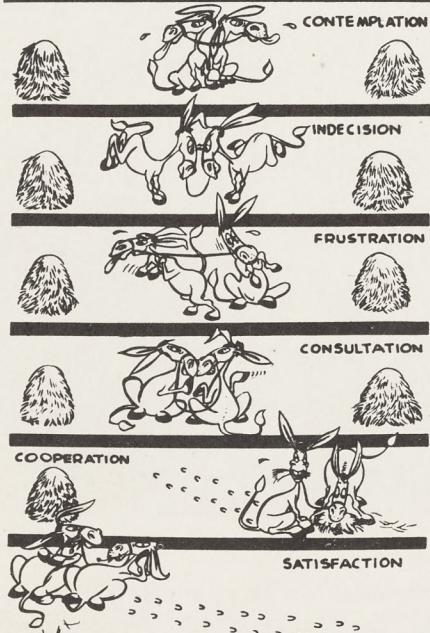
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## Dear Boys and Girls

Remember our friends Tim and Tess????

A most wonderful and important discovery happened to them this very Christmas week. Only it started out in a most dreadful way. You must listen very closely to this story because the same thing might happen to you!

It was the first day of Christmas vacation when a big bully boy from down the street yelled at Tim and Tess. He called them "babies." He followed them and teased them with his loud, sing-song voice . . .

"Baby Tim . . . Baby Tess  
You believe in Christmas.  
Santa Claus isn't real  
He's just a phony deal."

Tim and Tess were frightened and cried. They covered their ears and ran all the way home. Only neither of them ran into the house. They both went to their secret place in the garage where they could always talk things over.

Tess was the first one to speak. "Tim! What did that awful, big kid mean about no Santa Claus? I don't believe him, do you?"

"No," said Tim, trying hard to stop crying too. "But I heard another kid say today that Santa Claus was only your Mother and Daddy. And a dumb girl was with him and she said . . . how can there be one Santa Claus with so many of them in all the stores and in lots of other places. But I didn't answer them because I just KNEW there was a REAL SANTA CLAUS."

*That there is, That there is.  
Him that believes is him that  
gives.*



"What was that!" cried Tess.  
"I don't know, but it sounded like a spirit or somethin'," said Tim.

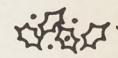
*That I am. That I am.  
a spirit bright to set  
things right.*



And children, it WAS the CHRISTMAS SPIRIT himself . . . all dressed up in his red and green suit with bells on his toes and a little package in one hand and a big package in the other.

Please tell us, please tell us the truth about Santa Claus begged Tim and Tess.

"Of course I will and it's real easy to under-



stand," answered the tinkling-bell-sounding spirit. "Your Mother and Daddy are Santa Claus, and all the Santas in the store are real and all the Santas in every city and town and country in the whole world are real because they have ME. I am the spirit of Christmas. The spirit of GIVING. And everyone who gives has the Christmas Spirit. You see I carry one large package and one small package, and yet they are both the SAME. Yes, they are both given with the true Christmas Spirit and that is all that counts. So remember, on Christmas morning when you see all the presents under the tree, big ones, small ones, and medium ones . . . you will know that REAL SANTA CLAUS has REALLY been there.

And children, that is the wonderful and important thing that Tim and Tess discovered. And that is why they want to join me in GIVING you a great big wish for a MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.



*Grandma Whittier*

# Kitchinning

with MAYBELLE and MARTITA



## TWO-EGG COCONUT CAKE

This issue THE PICTORIAL presents what is probably among the most unusual of its list of "kitchinning" recipes. The receipt is for a "2-egg coconut cake," but what is extraordinary about it is that the expert this time is Mary Ann Evarts, who is only 12 years old. Her mother, Mrs. Barney Evarts, 1705 Indiana, helps her "when I first learn a recipe," but doesn't need to stand by while Mary Ann makes this cake, which she turns out quite often.

You will need: 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour, 1 1/2 cups sugar; 2 1/2 teaspoons double-action baking powder; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 cup high grade shortening; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 2/3 cup milk.

Sift flour and add other ingredients to bowl, beat two minutes by clock. If employing electric beater, turn to slow or medium. Then add 1/3 cup milk and two medium sized eggs; beat two more minutes. Pour batter into two prepared pans and bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes.

But you are not finished, yet. To make proper frosting, put 1 1/2 cups sugar and 2/3 cup water in pan and boil covered for 3 minutes. Test until spins a thread. Have 3 egg whites stiffly beaten. Add 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar and 1/2 teaspoon salt while beating egg whites. Now slowly add hot syrup to whites and beat until thick. Use coconut on top and sides.

Mary Ann says she started cooking three years ago—when she was 9—and now makes pies, all sorts of cake, and thought she might tackle this coconut job for Christmas.

(Continued from Page 13)

### The Reverend Albert E. Jenkins, B. D., ST. MATTHIAS EPISCOPAL CHURCH:

How costly are your Christmas gifts? The price you paid for them? Or the price they represent? The highest price is yourself—your labor, your sacrifice, your love. Christmas is the time when these values should be expressed through our gifts and acts. Such giving is always costly.

Have you ever thought how costly it was to teach mankind this Christmas spirit of self-giving? Two thousand years ago God gave the fullest expression of His love for man in a gift. The gift was self-giving, costly. It was God Himself given in a person, revealing God's purpose, man's destiny and hope; for "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." (John 1:4) The life of the Son of God discloses the staggering cost of God's gift, the gift of eternal life shared with Him.

This Christmas may God's self-giving through Jesus Christ be the central force of our lives. May He come and reign in us, incarnate anew. Thus may we have the courage to make the costly gift of ourselves. So only can mankind find the way out of the terrible darkness of self into the glorious life of self-giving through Him, our Lord and Savior. This is costly. The first Christmas was costly.

### The Reverend James A. Scott, CHURCH OF CHRIST:

Christmas should mean more than a mere formality. It must mean a re-birth, in the hearts and lives of people, of His Spirit whose birth we seek to celebrate. A re-birth of love, sympathy, kindness, benevolence and human worth. We need to re-evaluate the worth of human beings. It should mean a dedication of ourselves to soul culture and spiritual values. To place the lives of people above personal or national greed for either wealth or social or political power. We need the re-incarnation of the spirit of Christ in the lives of the peoples of the world.

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